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"Knox and Welsh!" exclaimed he, "the devil never made such a match as that." "It is right like, sir," said she, "for we never asked his advice." He asked her how many children her father had left, and if they were lads or lasses. She said three, and that they were all lasses. "God be thanked!" cried the King, lifting up both his hands, "for an they had been three lads, I had never enjoyed my three kingdoms in peace." She again urged her request, that he would give her husband his native air. "Give him his native air!" replied the King, "give him the Devil!" a morsel which James had often in his mouth. "Give that to your hungry courtiers," said she, offended at his profaneness. He told her at last, that, if she would persuade her husband to submit to the bishops, he would allow him to return. Mrs. Welsh lifting up her apron, and holding it towards the King replied, in the true spirit of her father, "Please your majesty, I'd rather keep his head here."

CONTRAST OF MANNERS.

In Ireland it is not infrequent to

introduce the practice of playing cards, that most stupid of all stupid modes of spending the time, into the passage boats on the Grand Canal. In England the following rational mode of employing the leisure on the passage is adopted. In which country, and in which employment is MIND most engaged?

(From the Monthly Magazine.)

"We have seen some elegant drawings of the steam boats on the Tyne, by which it appears, that they are highly ornamental and picturesque objects, as well as of unparalleled utility. The principal cabin is fitted up with the taste of a drawing-room, provided with sofas, a piano forte, a select library, the Monthly Magazine, and the provincial newspapers. In fine weather the passengers prefer the deck; but in cold or wet weather, they make the voyage with the same ease as they would pass the time in their own houses. So desirable is the conveyance, that it is usual to convey 200 passengers per voyage."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EPITAPH ON THE LATE REV. JAMES
CALDWELL OF DUNDONALD.

STRANGER! whoe'er thou art, O pass
not by
Till o'er this tomb thou pause and heave
a sigh;
Here rests, tho' scarcely known to clam'rous
fame,
A Christian pastor, worthy of the name:
Slave to no sect, free from the bigot's gall,
He strove to cool the unhallow'd rage of
all.

In manners he was meek, in temper mild,
Rich in good sense, yet modest as a child,

Whate'er his tongue advanc'd on virtue's
theme,
His blameless conduct urg'd with power
supreme.
Stranger depart! seek peace, shun party
strife,
And strive to copy CALDWELL's spotless
life.

J.

REFLECTIONS, INSCRIBED TO THE BEST
OF FRIENDS.

DEAR worthy friend whene'er thou'll
stray,